

Maryknoll



FIELD AFAY

JANUARY 1947

Full steam ahead for
Nineteen Forty-Seven

A SHIP ON EVERY SEA



That boy from down the street who is a Maryknoller has 792 companions in the Maryknoll seminaries of the country. Every seminary is jam-packed. Photo: at our major Seminary, where 220 live in quarters built for 180.

A Ship on Every Sea



How soon will it be a
hundred priests each year?

by Albert J. Nevins

Thirty years ago, in 1917, the steamship *Tenyo Maru* sailed out of San Francisco's Golden Gate, into the broad ocean. It was the first Pacific liner to carry a Maryknoll missionary. He was a distinguished Maryknoller, indeed, for he was the little Society's cofounder, Father (later Bishop) James Anthony Walsh. Half a dozen years previously Maryknoll had come into being and Father Walsh was now journeying to China to seek its first mission field.

He was a vigorous priest with a love of fellowship, and he has left us many an engaging tale of conversations with companion voyagers on

the prancing deck of the vessel.

He was also a dreamer of great dreams. "There is inspiration in the expanse of sky and water," he wrote in his notes, "and there is freedom from distraction." During these memorable days he looked through the azure over every horizon, and he saw ships—many ships—and on them many Maryknollers, sailing in the distant years of the future over every sea, toward ports in every land. He was a builder for the Lord and he had a right to his dreams.

Now 1947 dawns, and we who follow Father Walsh a generation later have an opportunity to witness a portion of those dreams come to fruition. More important still, we see the promise of yet greater fulfill-

MARYKNOLL—The Field Afar

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MANCHURIA

KOREA

JAPAN

U.S.A.

CHINA

The Front Lines

of the

PHILIPPINES

HAWAII

MEXICO

GUATEMALA

ECUADOR

PERU

BOLIVIA

CHILE

ment, as God bids many sturdy young Americans mount these greyhounds of the deep and ride to waiting hosts of souls, to bear the imperious Gospel message.

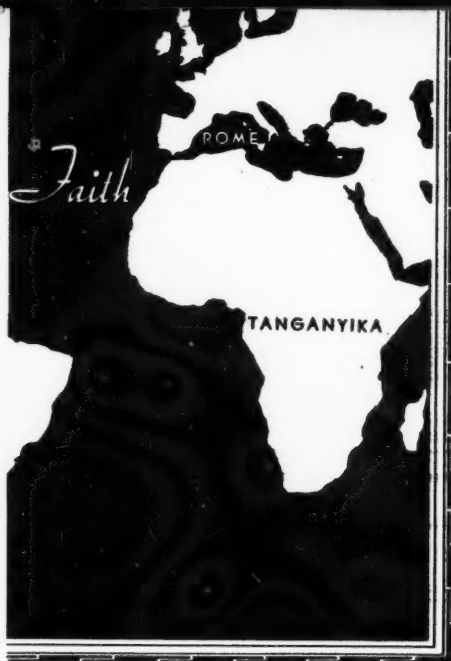
A quick trip about the Maryknoll circuit will set the stage for the year ahead of us:

KONGMOON, South China. Here is a mission territory the size of Ohio, with 6,000,000 people. Greatest loss during the war was the violent death of two of the most active missionaries, Father Robert Cairns and Father Otto Rauschenbach. Many native Catholics were killed, and others saw the destruction of their homes. The Sunwui leper colony was occupied, some lepers were killed; all buildings looted.

At many spots in many lands, Maryknoll missionaries will see the dawn of 1947. They are at work in each country indicated on the map above.

Now the leper colony has reopened, and new plans have been made for its suffering inmates. The Kongmoon seminary, which was forced to suspend operations during hostilities, has resumed classes. Future years will see a steady stream of native candidates ordained to join the eight Chinese priests now at work in this vicariate.

KAYING, South China. A thousand converts a year for the last ten years, is the record of the Kaying Vicariate. The main source of these



conversions was the catechumenate, a school where families intending to become Christian live for a time while studying the doctrine. War forced the suspension of the catechumenates, which now will reopen. Of all our Far Eastern missions, Kaying was the one least affected by the war. Although the missionaries spent much time in the distribution of UNRRA funds and supplies to multitudes in want, they were able always to carry on the work of the Church.

WUCHOW, South China. Of all Maryknoll territories in China, Wuchow was hardest hit by the war. Subject to frequent bombings, crowded with refugees, suffering from famine, occupied by enemy forces, the

city of Wuchow lost heavily. Even a year after war's end, it is far from normal. Many Maryknoll mission compounds—including those of Wuchow, Tanguyen, Tanchuk, Pingnam, and Kweiping—were looted and destroyed.

One of the bright spots of Wuchow's wartime record is the story of its seminary. Despite all the turmoil and chaos, it was never closed. The institution was moved, bag and baggage, a number of times to escape capture by the Japanese, but never once was its important work of training Chinese boys for the priesthood suspended.

KWEILIN, South China. "Opportunities here for large numbers of conversions should be seized at once," is the terse message of Monsignor John Romaniello, Superior of the Kweilin territory. Kweilin has a long record of faithful service in the relief of refugees, and that service built up an incredible amount of good will. From the outbreak of the war, up until September, 1944, the Maryknollers worked day and night to alleviate the sufferings of thousands of refugees. During the first nine months of 1944, the eight mission dispensaries in the territory treated 158,000 cases.

In September, 1944, the Japanese moved on Kweilin. The whole territory was occupied. The Chinese people, the American Army, and the missionaries all had to withdraw to escape capture. All missions were occupied and looted; two were completely destroyed. In August, 1945, immediately following the Japanese surrender, our missionaries returned to Kweilin. Once again they set up

their relief stations, to aid the refugees streaming back into the territory. In a brief period, 700 Chinese were baptized. The missionaries are looking forward to the most abundant harvest of souls yet encountered.

KOREA and MANCHURIA. In these two fields, the future is somewhat obscure. All of Maryknoll in Korea, the Vicariate of Pengyang, is in Russian hands; and a portion of our Vicariate of Fushun, in Manchuria, is Russian-controlled. All the Korean Maryknollers but one were imprisoned by the Japanese and eventually were sent to the United States on the exchange ship. A small contingent of these priests has returned to southern Korea, which is now occupied by American troops, and these priests are laboring there temporarily until they can get back to Pengyang.

All Maryknollers in Manchuria

likewise were imprisoned. Most were repatriated. Bishop Lane and Fathers McGurkin and Jacques, who stayed in confinement, experienced the joy of being received by their people shortly after V-J Day. Now the Manchuknollers who had returned to the United States are working back into Manchuria through the ports of China.

JAPAN. Readers of *THE FIELD AFAR* have read in its pages the testimony of the great harvest of souls that stands waiting in Japan. Seldom before, has the Church had such an opportunity. While material destruction abounds, the Japanese people have received new spiritual insight, and the only barrier to conversions is the paucity of missionaries available. Maryknoll has already sent a large group to Japan; others will follow. Japan holds a high spot in missionary plans for 1947.

CHILE. In this country, Maryknoll activity is of three kinds: that among the working classes of the cities; that in the rural parishes; that in the *fundo*, or estate, parishes. A significant development of Maryknoll in Chile is the Institute of Leo XIII, in Talca, which is a training school in social leadership.

BOLIVIA. The work of the Maryknollers in Bolivia has met with a hearty response. The influence of the priests, Brothers, and Sisters grows steadily. Future plans, both in the jungle lowlands and in the mountain stations, call for the setting up of "blocks of influence" through which the maximum good can be effected.

PERU. In the heights about Lake Titicaca, the Maryknoll work falls into two main categories: the educa-

DOING THE JOB

"America must have some mighty vocation awaiting her, so wonderful are the means which God has given her toward its fulfillment! If the destiny of America is to lead the world to sanity, to sanctity, and to the peace that flows from both, then no Americans contribute so much as do our American Catholic missionaries."

—Archbishop Cushing

tion of youth and the staffing of remote mountain parishes. The *Collegio San Ambrosio* is flourishing and is crowded with students. If at least some of the youth of today can receive good Catholic training, there will be zealous champions to meet the needs of the next generation.

ECUADOR. In the hot lowlands of Los Rios Province, north of Guayaquil, a band of resolute Knollers labor in the hope of stirring the amiable but lethargic country folk into action. For a stronger religious life, the platform required is stronger social ways.

GUATEMALA. In the beautiful mountain country of Huehuetenango, there are almost 200,000 souls entrusted to Maryknoll, the majority



Maryknoll's ABC's

- A — Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Bishops in order that American young men might go out to the non-Christian world as missionaries.
- B — Maryknoll now has eight mission territories counting 25,000,000 souls.
- C — In addition, Maryknollers have missions in six countries of Latin America with care of a million souls.
- D — Maryknoll priests, Brothers, and candidates now total 1251.
- E — Maryknoll Sisters, a separate community, number 879.

Indians. Long neglected through lack of priests, the work is slow and uphill, but the various parishes are reporting steady progress. During the first year of work, Father Clarence Witte alone baptized more than 5,000 infants, or an average of 14 baptisms of children every day of the year.

MEXICO. Maryknollers have gone into territories that were long without priests. One band works in Quintana Roo, jungle country of the far south; while a second band has gone into the mountains behind Tepic, on the upper west coast. In these mountains are the celebrated Huichol and Cora Indians. Future plans call for the establishment of *internados*, schools to which young people will be brought from scattered settlements, to board during their years of training.

AFRICA. The first group of Maryknollers has just arrived in our newest territory — that in Tanganyika, along the shores of Lake Victoria. Organizational plans are being made.

Father Walsh's dream of many Maryknollers on many ships and many seas has already taken the form of reality. But, God willing, some day all Maryknoll mission activity up to the present will turn out to have been only a modest preliminary to the great accomplishments of the future. Maryknoll ordination classes up to now have not totaled more than twenty-five members a year; within a decade, however, the number is due to swell to fifty, to seventy-five. There is good hope, indeed, that even in this generation Maryknoll will be sending a hundred priests annually to missions overseas.

Party in Tientsin

FOR THIRTY YEARS, French garrison troops, stationed in Tientsin, China, entertained the youngsters of St. Louis School in an annual party held at the French Arsenal. This year the French troops were unable to hold the party, since they had withdrawn from Tientsin when the Marines occupied North China.

However, Tientsin youngsters had their party. Marine Corps correspondent, Sgt. Ray Stokes, of Fort Worth, Texas, informs us that when the Marines' Catholic chaplain, Lt. Commander J. P. Burke, heard of

the traditional affair, he asked permission to carry out the observance. Major General Louis Woods gave assent, and St. Louis School students with ten of their Brother teachers gathered at the arsenal.

The youngsters represented fifteen nations. The majority of them spoke at least three languages fluently, with Russian and Chinese predominating. The Marines served their guests a turkey dinner, showed them an American movie, and initiated them into some American mysteries, such as football and baseball.





↑ Act 1. Arrival. Army trucks carry Brothers and students to U. S. Marines' Tientsin barracks.

← Act 2. The Feast. Turkey and all the trimmings are the best remedy for famine-hungry lads.



→ Act 3. Entertainment. A movie keeps the audience at the edge of the seats, leaves them happy.



African Preview

"A keen spot, Mwanza,"
says the first Mary-
knoller to the region

by John J. Considine

"All Africa's alike to me," a companion remarked the other day; "just jungles and naked tribes."

Wrong, mister; it is a mistake to think that Africa is cut from a single piece of cloth. We may coat over its map with five bands of paint, to represent the five great continental divisions.

We shall make the top and bottom areas white, to indicate the two "non-African" regions: the Moslem area of the Mediterranean littoral, extending from Egypt to Morocco; and the Europeanized area of the far south, comprising the Union of South Africa and its neighbors.

The next two bands we shall make yellow to signify sand; for to the north the band stands for the Sahara Desert, while the southern band is the Kalahari Desert and the surrounding desertic areas.

The central band is green; it speaks for country that is partly jungle, but also in great part open savannah. In this area dwell the Nilotic and other distinctly African peoples. It is in this area that we find

the world's most promising field of mission progress.

Catholics in Africa number approximately 10,000,000, out of a population of 120,000,000 dwellers on the continent. One and a half million Catholics live in the white band to the north; over half a million, in the white band to the south. Over 7,000,000 are found in the green band of the center.

In the early 1930's, I journeyed across the green band, from the Indian Ocean, which bathes the east coast, to the Atlantic, which booms against the western shore. Near the east coast, I stopped with the American Holy Ghost Fathers, around famous Mt. Kilimanjaro. Then I rode through the incredible Serengetti Plains, where animals by thousands—antelopes, giraffes, zebras, ostriches—live in the game reserves along the railroad and unconcernedly jog about before the astonished eyes of the traveler.

On reaching the Great Lakes of East Africa, I visited the celebrated missions of Uganda and then took a

little steamer across Lake Victoria Nyanza, to the town of Mwanza. I stepped ashore at Mwanza and thus was the first Maryknoller to set foot in this mission. It has now been divided into three parts, one of which is to be manned by Maryknollers.

The new Maryknoll mission field lies in British East Africa, in northern Tanganyika Territory and adjoining Kenya Colony. The White Fathers have labored for years in this district, and our four pioneers are beginning their work under the guidance of Cardinal Lavigerie's spiritual sons.

By contrast with that in Uganda, the mission advance on the eastern shore of Lake Victoria has not been rapid. But when I visited Mwanza, the newly arrived Bishop Oomen was preparing vigorously for healthy progress.

At Mwanza, Bishop Oomen had just founded his preparatory seminary; and in general, the development of his mission center was only in the incipient stage. Bishop Oomen told me that his greatest hopes lay with the 500,000 Bagwe Negroes of his territory. The Bagwe are a hard-working people who were the great porters in caravan days.

Père Conrad told me that about a hundred people a year were killed by crocodiles off the shores of Ukerewe. In spite of the danger from the lurking reptiles, the blacks are careless. A mother of an Ukerewe family had been eaten by a python; and the same fate had befallen a fourteen-year-old Catholic boy, on his way to the mission school. The hippopotamuses that feed in Lake Victoria are dangerous only if they are with their young or are attacked.



With Père Conrad I traveled by boat to Nyegezi. The buildings at Nyegezi are grouped about double courts. The central school has seven grades and boasts two football fields. Bishop Oomen himself was my gracious guide on a visit to Sumve, a mission station of 1,300 souls.

We found the Sisters' central school at Sumve extremely neat. After dinner we went to the boys' school. Father Innocent, who had been ordained the month before as the first priest of the Bagwe people, made the rounds with me. He seemed

It costs a dollar a day to sustain a missionary in the field, or to train a student for the missions. Can you and will you sponsor a Maryknoller for a day or two each month?



very well poised, unaffected, active, and zealous; spoke English quite well, and understood French. He was one of six African priests then in the Mwanza Vicariate.

When I was at Mwanza, the heavily populated northern section of the vicariate—where Maryknollers now labor—had but 1,000 Catholics. The intervening years have seen much progress. Consequently, the Maryknollers are starting out with a nucleus of 13,800 Catholics among the 296,000 people of their new African field.

Many thousands find food and kindness in Africa's Catholic homes for the aged



Words of



the Father

Pope Pius XII

'The Catholic Church, of which Rome is the center, is supra-national by its very nature. This has two implications, one negative and the other positive. The Church is a mother — Sancta Mater Ecclesia — a true mother, mother of all nations and all peoples no less than of all men individually. And precisely because a mother, she does not and cannot belong exclusively to this or that people, nor even more to one than to others but equally to all.

'Since she is the mother she cannot be a stranger anywhere; she dwells, or at least should, because of her nature, dwell among all peoples. Moreover, while the mother with her husband and children form a family, the Church, in virtue of a union incomparably more intimate, deeper and more perfect than is possible for the family, forms the mystical body of Christ. The Church is then supra-national because it is an indivisible, universal, whole.'



Most Reverend Raymond A. Lane
Superior General of Maryknoll

Gifts from Buddhists have been rare, indeed. Resting in a bank in Japan are 500,000 yen (equivalent to almost 5,000 U. S. dollars), a gift from a Japanese Buddhist, to be used as Maryknoll sees fit. He is convinced that the cause that Maryknoll represents — the diffusion of fundamental Christian principles, and not the high-sounding theories of an ephemeral millenium — is what Japan needs to fill its spiritual vacuum.

One of our Maryknollers, who has always loved the Japanese people despite the extravagances of the country's misguided leaders, writes, "The people are convinced that their old religions are useless. Most of our catechumens are in their late teens and in the twenties, and quite a

The General's Corner

number are college students. They memorize the catechism from cover to cover, and they read all the books I have in my scant Japanese library. They are very humble."

Maryknoll has plans for earnest efforts in Japan and Korea. The work in China, both in the southern missions and in Manchuria, is promising indeed. Our first missionaries have landed in Africa. Our work in Hawaii is likewise looking up. We are marking time in the Philippines, because of lack of personnel, but we wish to do our part there.

What about the future? The outlook is breath-taking. Courage and confidence are needed. Under God, let it be "always better, always forward."

For the consolation of our friends, here are a few figures, for which they deserve the credit: number of candidates in our training houses, over 800; new arrivals this year, 289; G.I. vocations this year (students and Brothers), 107; new class of postulants for the Maryknoll Sisters, 123. Other mission societies in America report equally fine growth. *Te Deum laudamus!*

Journey Among the Free

Two months on the road leading from Kaying, in northern Kwangtung, to Hong Kong, off its southern coast, visiting with missionaries of many nationalities, stopping at convents and schools operated by religious of many societies and congregations, revealed to me a harrowing story of the deprivation, hunger, and sickness among all the personnel. Because those Sisters and priests lived out the war adjacent to, or actually in, occupied China, American Catholics will be interested in them, and will feel pride in them, as well.

A group of Ursuline nuns was overjoyed to see us — the first visitors of good will in a long time! Through the war years, thieves pilfered the small, insignificant possessions the Sisters owned. When the war ended, the nuns had only patched garments for their habits, and some sandy tea to drink. On their faces, though, were glad smiles.

In common with all the other priests and Sisters we were to meet before reaching Hong Kong, these Ursuline nuns were not in the best of health. A limited diet had taken its

Not only missions,
but the missionaries,
need rebuilding
by Howard D. Trube

toll: eye troubles, stomach ills, decayed teeth, and nervous ailments were common. The Sisters did not seem to be aware of their troubles, because the close familiarity with deficiencies of everything, for all the people, made them forget their own personal deprivations.

One of the French Fathers whom I spent some time with had worked in China for more than forty years. Of that long period, the last four years

Manpower is still cheaper than horsepower



proved the hardest. It was a strong current that he and his colleagues — especially the old ones — had to row against during the war: some of them were interned, some died from malnutrition, some died because of the rigor of petty officials.

One who actually starved to death was a Father Rey, a priest whose scholarly work on a dictionary had helped many of us to learn the native dialect. Father Rey was in a mission whose people were the poorest of the poor. His Christians shared with him out of their own poverty, but it was not enough. His death was one of the outstanding tragedies of the missions.

Practically all the missionaries suffered from malnutrition. Now, with peace, they have to be helped to regain their health — just as scythes have to be sharpened before any harvesting can be done.

At a town called Swabue, we met some old friends whom we hadn't seen in a long time. They were three Chinese priests. Being native-born, they had been able to keep abreast of upheavals without losing their bal-

ance. Father Thomas Yu, a young man, led his two confreres in a battle of wits against the Japanese, to keep their church and other buildings from falling into the hands of the invaders. I found a sizable school, with students and teachers all over the place, and the work going at full blast.

Father Yu told me the story. Early in the war, when he heard that the Japanese were about to take over his church for their own use, he called in all the local inhabitants, Christian and non-Christian, for a meeting. It was suggested that a free school be opened immediately. The idea was that the enemy, seeing many children assembled for the purpose of studying, might forego taking over the building, as a step towards winning the good will of the population.

All who were fitted to do so, offered themselves as teachers. Everyone was given a quota of children to bring for registration. Within two hours after the meeting, children from all over the region poured into the church and rectory, and classes began.

By the time the Japanese arrived, the school looked as if it had been in operation since the time of Confucius! The invaders were reluctant to interfere with it, and they left it alone. The school is still functioning, even though the three Chinese priests, like all the people around them, are wondering about the food and maintenance problems that must be solved.

Wherever we went, despite the burden of hardships and calamity that bore down on everyone, there was a spirit of inner joy and hope. Most of

Priceless

In China an American woman journalist watched a frail Sister cleansing the gangrenous sores of wounded soldiers. "I wouldn't do that for a million dollars!" the visitor remarked. Without pause in her work, the Sister replied, "Neither would I."



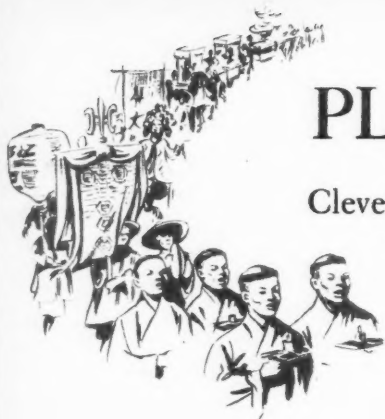
You can rebuild men's houses, but what about their bodies and souls?

Morning until night, dawn to dusk, the task of rebuilding goes on (below).

the missionaries could see well enough to pick out spots of humor in that long vigil of war. The Carmelite Sisters had an agreement not to speak with one another about food of any sort. Some one gave the Bishop of Hong Kong a valuable stock of lard, smoked fish, and salted pork; he surprised ten of his priests with gifts, and then smilingly reminded them that Lent would be coming shortly.

The physical destruction wrought in the missions of China was indeed great. But all of us can find some place to live and sleep. The health and morale of the missionaries can't be treated so easily. Those missionaries whose countries of origin are in Europe can't look there for aid: Europe is as greatly in need of clothing, food, and medicines, as the mission lands are.





PLEASE OMIT

Clever people, these Chinese —
they know how to die well

There comes a time when each of the children of earth must return to the common home in the dust. Among the Chinese, death is one of the expected phenomena of life. "To die," they say, "is to pluck the flower of life."

Many of the ancient and pagan nations had elaborate ceremonies for the funeral of their rulers. But among the Chinese, each person was as precious as the emperor. Before the year 1000 B.C., it became the custom in China to worship ancestors.

The Book of Rites gave an elaborate ritual to be observed in this worship. Since the ceremonies could be performed only by a male descendant, it was imperative that each family have sons. This gave rise to the custom of a man's taking several wives, to insure that some sons would live to carry on the necessary rites.

After the death of one of the family, his name, and the indications of his proper place in the family relationship, were carved on small tablets of wood. These were then carefully lacquered and set up over the altar

of the ancestor temple. If the family had no temple of its own, then the "honorable wall" — that in the innermost court and opposite the main door — was reserved as a shrine to the family dead. The living believed that the spirits of the departed actually resided in those "soul tablets."

On the second day, all unnecessary work is halted; the fields are left to their fate; all hands work in the house, to care for the guests and to prepare the numerous meals that are needed. It is a time when the family is particularly careful to feed any hungry persons who knock at the gate to ask for charity.

Beggars come from miles around, and gather near the home of the deceased. They join in the mourning, and they are welcomed, as it is considered a very great honor to have one's latest ancestor lamented and missed by all the needy of the region.

In the cities, the funerals of the rich are colorful and dramatic. The funeral of a Chinese magnate is a real stopper of traffic. Long processions of brass bands, marching slowly and blaring away, alternating between Christian hymns and popular concert pieces, clear the streets and crowd the sidewalks more quickly than does a wedding or a parade. The importance and wealth of the late patent-medicine magnate or the

FLOWERS

by George L. Krock



trading tycoon, can be judged by the number of bands in his funeral and the splendor of the costumes.

Several brass bands, with their instruments shining in the hot sun, lead the way. The first may be rendering "Rock of Ages," the next, half a block behind, may be tearing through the chorus of "On the Mall." They know only a few pieces and play them over and over again, for the whole length of the procession.

After the bands, comes the coffin, a huge affair swaying on bamboo poles. It is covered with an embroidered red cloth, with long silk fringes. It is carried by numerous coolies, in white jackets trimmed with silver. People on the sidewalk take off their hats; in the offices overhead, the tapping of typewriters stops for a moment; shopkeepers and bank tellers pause and turn their eyes to the street for a long look.

Next in the procession comes an armchair, in which is set a large framed photograph of the departed. Then follow bearers with big paper effigies of the home, horses, and other luxuries that the man possessed in life. These are to be burned at the grave.

The mourners walk. Their clothes are covered with loose garments of unbleached hemp; cheap straw sandals are worn over their shoes. Some-

times the members of the family hidden from onlookers by big screens, carried by servants. In addition money is strewn along the road to delay the evil spirits, which are supposed to stop and gather in the way and thus lose their way. Many crackers are exploded.

On the other side of the town another day, another pagan funeral passes. A poor coolie is being carried to rest. There are no bands, and onlooker stops to stare. Two men walk quickly along the path up the hill, bearing a coffin that seems very light. They carry it by means of a single pole, to which it is tied by ropes. One of the men has a spear fastened on his back. There are no mourners.

Death, the great leveler, has brought these two "brothers" by different routes to the same hills, to the same peacefully, we hope—in their hallowed graves. To a mission each pagan funeral is a tragedy; it tells that some poor soul has gone through all the years of life and never learned what life was meant to be.

How different is the death of a Christian! His life had the same p

and sorrows as the lives of his pagan neighbors, but it was blessed with grace and the hunger for God. For the Christian, death comes as a summons to one who has grown homesick for heaven.

The missionary hears the dog barking at the gate, or the patter of feet coming quickly up the stairs; or a handful of gravel thrown at his window screen awakens him. He rises to answer the call quickly—for a Christian is dying.

The trip may mean hours of walking in the rain, but somehow the sick person always seems to linger until the priest arrives. The whole household is waiting, with candles lighted. The priest quickly hears the dying one's confession, then administers Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction. Strengthened and comforted by the Last Sacraments of the true Faith, the soul goes forth to God.

Since most Christians live far from the church, the funeral is held entirely in the home. The priest goes to the house on the evening before the burial, and the confessions of all the family are heard. The priest

stays overnight, and in the morning says a Requiem Mass in the guest hall, near the coffin.

After the Mass, he preaches a sermon, to comfort the family and to instruct and edify the many non-Christian neighbors who are present. All Chinese love the ritual of the Mass for the Dead, no matter what their own religious beliefs may be.

The funeral procession lines up in the front court, and proceeds to the grave, which is sometimes several miles away and always on a hill. The procession winds through the foot paths among the rice fields, and crosses numerous brooks.

Along the way, firecrackers are exploded, according to custom. The Christians recite the Rosary as they walk along. At the site, the censor is lighted, and the grave is blessed.

After the ceremonies at the grave, family and friends return to the house for the funeral banquet. Instead of sending flowers as an expression of sympathy, each guest stops at the door and presents an envelope containing money to help defray the expenses of the banquet.

All Honor to Ching Sin Sang

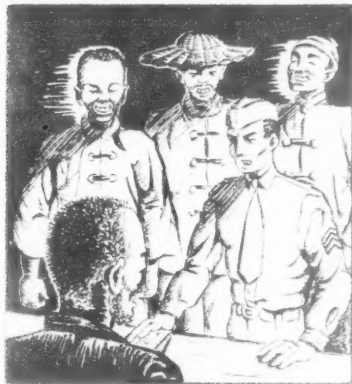
While we are paying tribute to Father Robert J. Cairns, who met violent death in South China at the hands of the Japanese, let us sing the praises of his "Man Friday," Ching Sin Sang.

Ching Sin Sang was long of doubtful reputation; many of Father Sandy's friends had warned him against this Chinese. But Father Cairns trusted the man, and Ching repaid the trust. He could have left Sancian when he sent his family to safety; he could have fled into the hills. But he stood shoulder to shoulder with his priestly master in the hour of danger, voluntarily accepted capture with him, and presumably died with him. Like Father Cairns, Ching Sin Sang was never heard of after he was taken on the invaders' boat, out into the South China Sea, the night of December 16, 1941.

The Saving Laugh

China's Emily Post
prescribes a chuckle
for every embarrassment

by Joseph G. Cosgrove



In China, laughter paradoxically keeps a man from going insane and, at the same time, drives him crazy.

Not long ago, I was standing at an intersection in a large Chinese city, talking to an American officer. We watched two rickshas collide. After the collision, one of the ricksha pulpers lost his grip on the shafts, and his two customers went over backwards. One might expect to see the ricksha drivers attacking each other in a battle of words. Instead, there were peals of laughter.

The mystified American officer finally broke out into laughter, too. And I laughed anyway, being just an old rice-field trotter and used to laughing at anything and everything, as the natives do.

"What am I laughing at?" asked the officer. "Guess it must be the country!"

Then he went on to recount an incident he had observed earlier. A pilot had nearly killed himself on an airstrip while making a fast, forced landing. The natives raced to

the scene — and just stood by and laughed. A thing like that is apt to drive the Westerner crazy, for to our Occidental way of thinking, accidents do not call for laughter.

The nearest thing I ever saw to an engagement of fisticuffs in China took place near an air base in Fukien. A heated argument was going on, and I stopped my jeep and prepared my camera for a snap. The two contestants were shopkeepers, red with rage, and about to indulge in some prodigious blows. When they saw me readying my camera, they stopped. Contestants and spectators roared with laughter — and the fight was off.

Another incident that comes to mind is that of an American officer who was a stickler for obedience, order, and speed. During the evacuation of one of our East China air bases, I heard him upbraid an interpreter in no uncertain language. The angrier the officer became, the more the Chinese boy laughed. Finally, the officer turned to me, completely exhausted.

"Why is it, Father," he asked, "that the more serious I get, the more this Chinese boy laughs? It drives me crazy. I can't understand it!"

Our Kweilin Mission head catechist tells a story that gets funnier each time it is heard. It runs about as follows:

One day before the fall of Kweilin, an American soldier went into a small shop to purchase a dozen porcelain wine cups. The soldier produced \$100 in Chinese currency. The shopkeeper threw up his hands. Obviously, he was hampered by the barrier of language, but he tried to make the American understand that \$100 was far too much.

The shopkeeper's attempts were in vain. The soldier, thinking that more money was demanded, threw down another \$100; and again the proprietor threw up his hands. Meanwhile, a crowd had gathered. The shopkeeper appealed to the passers-by, stated his predicament. The American became uncomfortable. He wasn't going to let the Chinese think he was a sharper, trying to cheat the natives. So, out with another \$100 from his shrinking purse.

Then there were screams of laughter from one and all. The shopkeeper was at his wits' end. He appealed once more to the throng, and asked if anyone could speak American. If so, he begged that the accomplished one would step for-

ward and untangle the strained Sino-American issue.

By that time, the soldier was incensed. He thought everyone was laughing at him because he seemed to be trying to cheat the shopkeeper. The American had already laid down \$300. Then, with greater anger and vituperation, he put down \$200 more! He slammed the money on the counter, grabbed the twelve wine cups, and stalked away.

That was the most, the very most, he was willing to pay that old skinflint, he declared — "\$500 for a dozen cups that cost only \$5!"

Why is there so much strange laughter in China? Why do the Chinese people laugh at misfortune, laugh at epigrams, laugh at another's predicaments?

The laughter is usually not that of ridicule, or of intentional provocation to anger. Rather, it is a means of "saving face." The Chinese who falls off his bicycle laughs, as he picks himself up, in order to hide his embarrassment; the spectators laugh to indicate that the fallen one's predicament is trivial and that he has not lost much "face."

For centuries in the Orient, laughter has been used to conceal chagrin or perplexity. The custom is but one of many social obstacles that the American must hurdle before he will be able to understand the Oriental viewpoint, so different from ours.



WILLS



You may wish to have convenient the following form of bequest: "I hereby give and bequeath to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc. (The Maryknoll Fathers), the sum of \$....."

Portfolio from Bolivia

From the alert camera of Father Joseph Hahn comes this gallery of Bolivian mission photographs





Madonna of the Plateau

CALACALA



The Sugar Maker

QUAYARAMIRIM





Padre Speaks Quechua

FATHER LAWLER AT CALACALA



Attentive Audience

CACHUELA ESPERANZ





Andean Angelus

FATHER MOESCHLER AT VILLA VICTORIA



We Can't Say, "NO!"

... to boys like these! Over 280 of them entered the doors of Maryknoll training houses last fall, raising our student enrollment to 792 and taxing our limited facilities to the breaking point. Living quarters are urgently needed for these young men and the others who will apply this year.

Cardinal Stritch has kindly given us permission to establish near Chicago a national college for the training of Maryknoll seminarians. We

have obtained the property — a tract of land in Glen Ellyn, Illinois. We have the vocations — *God* has provided them. We turn to *you* to supply the building, so urgently needed for the scores of American boys who turn to us with their bright, zealous desire to be trained to serve the poor in the foreign-mission fields.

Will you help us build Maryknoll-in-Chicago? Any contribution, large or small, will be gratefully accepted.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

Here is \$_____ for building a training house for the Maryknoll missionaries in Chicago.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

Maryknoll P. O., New York

Heaven's Gift

A grateful welcome to 1947. Every new year is a precious gift of God to the world, a free and authentic draft on the mint of His eternity. It is given to men to be used for men, the central purpose of it being to promote their true happiness by affording space for the growth of charity in their hearts. It is thus a stepping-stone by which the struggling wayfarer may mount towards God, for "God is charity: and he that abideth in charity, abideth in

God, and God in him" (*I John iv: 16*). It is a reprieve and an invitation. Shall we do better? Will it be fair? We do not know what blessings and opportunities, what storms and terrors, the infant year may disclose to a needy and troubled world. We only know that all its events will be so many privileges of service and sacrifice to each one of us, and that all things work together unto good to them that love God (*Rom. viii: 28*).

Two Men

Two men will bid for the heart of the world in this critical year of history, and they will make their approach to this supreme objective by methods so radically opposed, as to reflect the fundamental difference in their faith and their philosophy. One will go to the nations in the name of class warfare; and he will use every means, fair or foul, that a malign ingenuity can devise to divide the human family on a basis of totalitarian hate. His weapons will include everything, from polite prattle about democracy and the welfare of humanity, to the crudest measures of pressure, force, terrorism, secret police, prison camps, exile, purging, liquidation, dictated elections, and engineered revolutions — all ending in the permanent enslavement of whole populations. This is the message he has for the people; but he will not present it in these words, for he has learned the value of masking and distorting the truth. A deceptive

propaganda is the hallmark of all his campaigns and activities. He is not honest, because he does not believe in honesty; he is not moral, because he has abolished morality; but he is fanatic, and he is everywhere.

The other actor on the world stage will provide a contrast. His means will be limited, and his weapons will be of an entirely different character. So simple, indeed, and apparently inadequate, will his equipment be that he will pass with the multitude for just another impractical idealist innocuously tilting at windmills. But there is nothing impractical or innocuous about him, for he is the bearer of the only philosophy by which free men may live. His message is from the skies. His promises are soul-stirring. He comes not to divide the family, but to unite it. He speaks of the charity that makes men brothers and of the truth that makes men free. He uses that charity

and that truth as his chief and almost his only recommendation. He does not use the propaganda of falsehood. He does not employ intimidation and brutal force. His is the path of faith and love; his are the ways of peace. Yet he will go farther, in the simplicity of his program, than his *vis-à-vis* of the more-striking and less-commandable methods. He is already in every corner of the globe. He will be found on every distant frontier. The jungle knows him, as well as the great city; he penetrates the busy mart, the rustic village, the mountain fastness, the hidden haunts of men. He is girdling the world with charity. No spirit of sowing division and dissension moves him, but the spirit of union that all may be one.

There is no necessity to name these two men. There is no need to specify the organizations they represent. "By their fruits you shall know them" (*Matt. vii: 16*).

The Fortieth Anniversary of THE FIELD AFAR

Forty years ago, in January 1907, THE FIELD AFAR made its first pretty curtsy to an amiable but unexcited public in Boston, Massachusetts. The late Bishop James Anthony Walsh, then Diocesan Director of the Propagation of the Faith, was its founder and first editor. The young Father Walsh of those days felt that an idea in order to spread must possess a literature. His first step in launching what was to become the Maryknoll movement was to establish the Catholic Foreign Mission Bureau which published books (the best known of which was "A Modern Martyr, Blessed Theophane Venard") and brought THE FIELD AFAR into the light of day. An affectionate salute, a prayer of gratitude, for our beloved father and distinguished founder on this our fortieth birthday.

World Charity



by JAMES M. NOONAN

In New York and Shanghai men say, "Let the Sisters do the worrying!"

WHEN the policeman turned left off Eighth Avenue, the first streaks of dawn were beginning to bleach the night sky beyond Manhattan's towers.

Suddenly the officer halted. In the entrance of the nearest building, there was an excited, jabbering figure — an elderly, paunchy man — silhouetted against the light that shone out from the building.

"A baby!" the paunchy man shouted to the bluecoat. He pointed an accusing finger at a bundle by his feet. "I go to the back of the building for ten minutes. Somebody put this *bambino* here by my pail!"

A baby in tiny blankets was asleep, looking very much like a satisfied puppy after a meal. On the floor around the infant was the paraphernalia of the professional window cleaner, who continued to complain that the child had been palmed off on him.

"All right, all right!" the policeman advised, after a cursory look about the place. "You don't have to worry about it. These foundlings go to the Sisters on Sixty-eighth Street. They do the worrying."

Yes, the Sisters do the worrying. Almost a hundred thousand babies have been taken to those same Sisters since the time their refuge began to operate as part of the world-wide

charity of the Catholic Church.

Catholic charity is as broad and great as is the universal Church. The tremendous service rendered to countless thousands everywhere and every day makes the Church of Christ an important factor in the well-being of the world's inhabitants. Catholics are taught that their Faith is sterile unless they activate it with good works.

In the mission world alone, the Catholic Church has almost two hundred thousand priests, Brothers, Sisters, and laymen directly or indirectly engaged in works that are primarily charitable. There are nearly four thousand dispensaries in operation in the missions, and several hundred Catholic hospitals. More than a thousand orphanages, caring for over a hundred thousand parentless children, some four hundred homes for the aged, and more than a hundred leper colonies, are maintained. Besides, there are almost fifty thousand schools operated for children who otherwise would have no opportunity for education. These mission totals do not include the charitable works in a hundred-and-one other places that are not considered missionary.

If one were to ask the Red Cross to duplicate next year, at one dollar a case, all the medical treatments that the Catholic missionaries in the world dispensed last year, the Red Cross, I believe, would have to refuse, not only because of the cost, but more especially because they have not the representatives in so many remote parts of the world.

The main source of this world-wide charity is the generosity of tens of

millions of Catholics who give of their means to make such work possible. The work is then carried out by a voluntary missionary personnel who have dedicated their lives, freely, out of love for God and their fellow men, and are willing to go to any place to fulfill their offer.

In China, at the Kweilin mission, where Maryknoll priests and Sisters saw war's ravages sweep over them in five hectic years, the individual missionary averaged a hundred dispensary cases a day. He made it possible for refugees to find shelter, food,

and missing relatives. The missionary stayed epidemics and directed to safety great numbers who were caught in the storm of war.

It is no wonder that the Catholic Church is ever asking her children to keep charity in mind. It is not strange that she is always looking for young people in her ranks to give their lives wherever her charitable institutions are operating. Because Catholic faith supplies the means and personnel, the Church has become the greatest of all charitable organizations in the world.

Thousands of China's distraught hosts now know the meaning of true charity



"Jom Bow!"

China's basketballers talk American

by John F. Donovan



"*Jom bow!*" The referee blows his whistle, and it's "Jump ball!" The game is on.

We have a basketball court at the mission here in Kaying (the plum country), and it is a very popular place for the students of this "college town." Sometime ago, I asked members of the Holy Name Society to help raise funds for the adobe surface, and we were able to put in a fine regulation court — with bleachers and all!

Kaying is a basketball town. The game was introduced to this section about twenty years ago, from Hong Kong. The youngsters play all year around, even in the hot summer.

How is their game? Well, from what we might call a layman's point of view, I'd say that here in Kaying the senior middle-school teams, coached for the most part by instructors who were educated in Hong Kong and Shanghai, could give a good account of themselves on most high-school courts in the States.

Our Chinese boys here play the "quick break;" they cut well and fast; they pass accurately and often deceptively; they screen effectively—if somewhat roughly! They shoot

well from in close to the basket, but their "long toms" are not very steady. They have learned both "zone" and "man" defense; and some teams are able to shift neatly from one to the other, as the situation requires.

Many of the terms used in the game are English sounds. The Chinese say "jom bow," "ow sai bow," "my bow," "come-back," and the like. Once a student asked me to tell him some of the terms in English; then he said that it was odd that many of the English terms were like the Chinese!

The people love the game and always crowd to see the contests. The South China University team and many high-school and military teams come over and practice on our compound. Occasionally, in the early morning some business men come to have a game.

Sometimes I try to show the youngsters a few points, and now and then I play with the University team or one of the military teams. If my appearance on the court will interest any non-Christians in the Faith, I'll continue, despite my old legs, to play the game—or rather, to play at playing the game.

Mission Land Quiz

A recent newspaper article declared that only one out of ten New Yorkers had ever seen an elephant. Here are a few other animals, some of them even rarer. Page 45 gives the answers. A score of six makes you a scientist; five is excellent; four, good; for less than that, you had better go to the zoo next Sunday afternoon.



1. If you climbed the Andes and met these beasts, they would be:

- a. ostriches; b. Peruvian donkeys; c. llamas



3. Superstitious people grind his horns to make a charm:

- a. water buffalo; b. ibex; c. Algerian moose



2. This bird is known as:

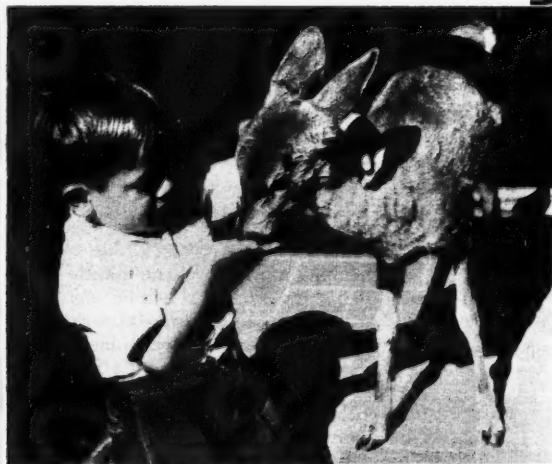
- a. duck-billed platypus;
b. goose;
c. guan



4. A pleasant playmate is this:
a. lamb; b. kid; c. teddy-bear



5. If you met this gentleman on home ground, you would be in:
a. the Antarctic;
b. Greenland;
c. Radio City



6. Johnny has a friend. He is a:
a. fawn; b. baby camel; c. mink

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A picture of the thrilling experiences of almost 200 Maryknoll Sisters caught in war's fury.

The above three books for \$5.90

USE COUPON OPPOSITE

The Hand-me-down

by Mark A. Tennien

Back in 1933, I was walking down Fifth Avenue, garbed in a suit that had seen a good many years of blistering sun and tropical rains in South China.

"You are going back to China, and I want you to do me a favor," said the friend at my side. "Let me buy you a good suit to take back."

We turned into Saks, and he bought me the best black suit on the racks.

In January of 1942, global war was changing our lives, and I had been ordered to go to Chungking and open a Maryknoll House there. The nine-year-old suit was donned.

Soon after I got there, Father Theodore Bauman, of the Divine Word Fathers, arrived. He had escaped from Honan a few minutes ahead of the Japanese invaders, and had made his way to Chungking in the garb of a Chinese coolie. So Father Bauman was given the gift from Saks.

Father Bauman wore the hand-me-down a few months. Then he was able to buy a secondhand, gray suit from an Englishman and dye it black.

In September of 1942, Father Harvey Steele, Canadian Scarborough missionary, reached Chungking. His clothing consisted of old khaki trousers, a torn white shirt, and a black hat that was drilled by Japanese shrapnel. Immediately Father Steele

inherited the hand-me-down, and he wore it until he could get a new suit from India six months later.

In June of 1943, Father James Smith, who had escaped in the night from Japanese-held Macao, landed in Chungking. He was wearing tattered rags, so the hand-me-down was dug out of the trunk. "Great!" said Father Smith as he spied the *Saks Fifth Avenue* label. "It will be just like pattering along the sidewalks of New York."

Early in 1944, along came Father C. Caulfield, a Passionist. He inherited the hand-me-down.

As summer waned in 1945, Father Thomas Ryan, Jesuit, formerly of Hong Kong, arrived. He was clad in bizarre tatters. This newcomer was a small thin man, so we cut the now famous hand-me-down to his size. Thereafter few foreigners could wear it.

Surely it had now gone out of circulation! But no. Shortly after New Year's, a Chinese priest walked down the street with the hand-me-down still in service.

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To: MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y. I enclose \$.....

Please send me the following books. (PRINT TITLES WANTED)

1..... 2.....
3..... 4.....

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....



Sisters spent the war in Philippine prisons

Ducks of Dairen

From the new book, *Sisters of Maryknoll Through Troubled Waters*

by Sister Mary de Paul

The Ducks of Dairen deserve to take their place among the most renowned of fowl — Chanticleer, the Snow Goose of Dunkirk, the Cratchit's Christmas turkey. Sister Stella Marie tells the story:

A few months before the war our helper, Lao Chi, invested in some live ducks, and sought our permission to pasture them in our back yard. We had no objections.

Every morning, Lao Chi would say hopefully, "Maybe egg come tomorrow." We always nodded an affirmative. Hope deferred never lessened her devotion to the creatures. She doted on her dear ducks.

After our internment, she got in to see us, on what ingenious pretext we never fathomed. When she told us she would "cut" her

ducks for us for Christmas, we fully appreciated the magnitude of her offering.

We were looking out of the window on the afternoon of Christmas eve, and so saw Lao Chi waddling along the street, heavily laden. As she came below us we could look down into her basket. She had put fluted paper on their legs, as she had seen us do on other Christmases, and wrapped

the birds carefully in precious and rare cellophane!

Courteously, she asked the guard for permission to leave the things for us. He refused, curtly. Slowly, poor Lao Chi trudged out of the gate, still holding the basket. When she reached the road, we saw her put down the bundle, cover her face with her hands, and weep. We too wept — not for ourselves, nor the loss of the

MARYKNOLL SISTERS DEPARTURE LIST FOR 1946

FOR NICARAGUA: Sisters M. Margaret Theresa Lamond, Lawrence, Mass.; Mary Elvira Selgas, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOR PANAMA: Sisters Mary Martina Bridgeman, Medford, Mass.; Rose Angela Ross, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Joan Muriel Higgins, Yonkers, N. Y.; Miriam Carmel Lechthaler, New York City.

FOR BOLIVIA: Sisters M. Reparatrice Dougherty, Chester, Pa.; Maura Kieran Wilde, Richmond Hill, N. Y.; Louis Marie Wohlfrom, Berkeley, Calif.; Rose Claire Babin, Frenchville, Maine; Elizabeth Ann Altman, Greensburg, Pa.

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FOR PHILIPPINE ISLANDS: Sisters Mary St. Rita McMahon, New York City; Anne Marie Fortin, Hartford, Conn.; Mary Marcella Haggerty, Ambridge, Pa.; Agnes Imelda Brennan, Jamaica Plain, Mass.; Stephen Marie Wood, Seattle, Wash.

ducks, but for faithful, generous Lao Chi.

A sacrifice, to be complete, must be consumed. The ducks had cost Lao Chi too dearly to allow a mere policeman, and he a foreigner at that, to deprive her of her merit or her joy. She got in contact with the Father's boy, Lao Wang.

Next morning, about six, Lao Wang might have been seen slipping a basket into a bush before he appeared at the front door. To him, the recumbent guard presented a picture of sleeping beauty. The lad softly retraced his steps, retrieved his precious burden, padded back and entered the convent. Our kitchen brought forth a worthy festal dinner.

In Dairen, as elsewhere, the Christians had not been able to attend Mass or receive the Sacraments since the foreign priests were interned. Father Ryan made protest, and won the concession that on Christmas the faithful might attend his Mass. Confessions were allowed — at the altar rail was the stipulation, and any Christian who wanted to go had to declare his intention at the City Hall.

The internees were not permitted contact with the people, and were

led in and out of the Church in single file, under the eye of the law. The real trials of confinement, all missionaries agree, were not primarily want of privacy, scant meals, lack of funds, but the shackling of feet that had tread the byways on errands of mercy, the strange experience of being in and not of the city, the understanding of the spiritual needs of a young Christianity and the inability to minister to them.

It was Christmas in Manchu-land, and Christmas in the hearts of the sons and daughters of Maryknoll; for it was once more the birthday of the Little Prince of Peace Whom love had made them follow and Whom they had seen in the

Little round white World
Circle without end,
Finger-poised in a human hand
Where time and Eternity blend.

So, despite war, imprisonment; internment, danger — the holy feast of the Prince of Peace was observed triumphantly in Maryknoll's wide mission theatre — albeit the white Christmas of the North was a study in contrast to the turbulence in the South.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

Dear Sisters:

I enclose herewith \$ _____ to be used for the direct work of saving souls.

Name _____

Street _____ Zone _____

City _____ State _____

As long as possible, I will send \$ _____ each month for the support of a Maryknoll Sister.

Wreck on the River

Lucky for him,
the Bishop
saw the light

by Bernard F. Wieland

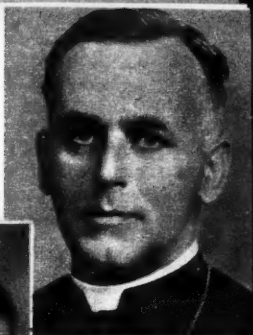
When, as a youngster, I was learning to swim, little did I dream that one day I should be stroking for dear life on a South China river. In boyhood days, I wasn't thinking of frail craft and tropical storms on the other side of the world.

My adventure began when Bishop Donaghy requested that I go with him to Wuchow. We took passage on the regular river boat—a large, covered barge drawn by a steam launch. We were not long on our journey when a big storm came up. The West River grew choppy, and the skies let loose a deluge of hail and rain.

Water began leaking through the roof of the barge, so I had our baggage moved nearer to the door, where the cabin was more dry. Suddenly, without any warning, the boat lurched and upset. As I was near the door, I was thrown into the water.

When I emerged, I found myself about fifty feet from the boat. No one else was in sight, and the barge was almost entirely under water. My first thought was for Bishop Donaghy. I knew he was trapped in the hold. Kicking off my shoes, I started to swim back to the barge.

A few passengers were coming out



▲
The Bishop who
came up from the
bottom of the river

◀
Father Wieland
had unexpected
swimming practice

of the water by that time, and grasping hold of the overturned boat. I heard someone call my name. It was the Bishop! He had been trapped below water and had resigned himself to drowning; then he had seen a small spot of light, had made his way to it, and had found an opening. In doing so, he encountered a woman and child, and he pushed them through the opening before making his own way out of the hold.

In a few moments, the steam launch pulled alongside the overturned barge, and survivors were taken aboard. All our baggage was lost. I did not have much, but the Bishop, who had been on a mission trip had a great deal. We both lost our shoes, so, when we arrived in Wuchow, we had to walk to the mission in our stocking feet.

About ten passengers were drowned in this routine river accident.

Lunch-hour lesson. Chinese housewives in Kweilin might study the doctrine if they could be caught at a leisure hour. Monsignor Romaniello and the Sisters put their heads together: "When is the women's



leisure hour?"

Answer: "At half past twelve, just after lunch and before the afternoon's work." So a daily class was advertised for that hour.

"But when is half past twelve?" asked the clockless housewives. The Sisters explained: "The gun atop Solitary Mountain goes off each day at twelve o'clock. All candidates will be expected at the mission a half hour later."

To everybody's surprise, registration day found forty women on hand. They study the picture lessons and chant in unison the catechism answers for two hours daily. Then they go home to their pots and kettles.

Self-help. A Maryknoll Sister in Bolivia went to the local dentist with a cavity. The dentist was of the itinerant fraternity and, out of necessity or choice, was more often on the wing than at home. He hurriedly put in a temporary filling and left town.

LIFE in the

Some weeks later, hearing that he had returned, Sister sent a lad to him to ask for an appointment.

The boy came back with an armful of dental instruments and a note from the dentist's wife: "Dear Sister, Oracio has again left town, but here are his tools. Perhaps you would like to fill your own teeth."

Drink. A missionary in the Philippines went for a shave. As the razor began nicking him, he noted Jerry's glassy stare and realized that his barber



was intoxicated again. When Jerry finished, the missionary solemnly led him to the mirror and, one by one, pointed out the cuts that Jerry's unsteady hand had inflicted.

"You see," the priest said, "what drink does to a man." "Yes, Father," replied Jerry in sympathetic voice, "it makes the skin tender."

Co-pilot. Father Sheridan, Maryknoller in the Philippines, has many

Maryknoll Missions

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vivid war memories. He tells of a Catholic air captain, a daily communicant, who set out from Leyte for Luzon with his plane. He turned over the controls to his assistant and, preferring a book to a nap, took up a copy of *God Is My Co-Pilot*. Trouble came suddenly, the plane crashed, and the captain was burned to death. When his body was found, a thumb and finger gripped a fragment of the book he had been reading. On the fragment, still unscorched, two words remained: "God is . . ."

Riding herd. "Saint Francis Xavier played cards to bring sailors to God," writes Father Fritz from South America, "so I tried my hand at roping and branding cattle. We branded 2,000 head of scrawny beasts. Farm life in Minnesota stood me in good stead. We discussed introducing tropical thoroughbreds into the herd and made plans to improve the pasture.

"Later I helped the men set up a portable saw rig and build a fence. Tomorrow I will stake out a site for a bathhouse and then plan a school building. The varied ranch activities

brought worthwhile results in attendance at Mass and the sacraments."

Blind-boy guide. A nine-year-old blind boy in Kweilin learned all the catechism by listening to one of the Maryknoll Sisters teaching the doctrine to an old Buddhist woman who lived with his mother. The boy wanted to be baptized, but children are not received into the Church unless the parents become Catholics. The boy set to work on his parents



and finally persuaded them to visit the missionary. His father learned easily, but his mother was slow; and it was a sight to behold — the little blind fellow sitting by the hour with his mother, singing the lessons into her head. Beautiful, too, was the baptism day, when the waters were poured on mother and dad and their sightless child, who had led them to see.



Mission Land Quiz Answers

- | | |
|------------------|--------------|
| 1. llamas | 4. kid |
| 2. guan | 5. Greenland |
| 3. water buffalo | 6. fawn |



Meet Juana the Cook

St. Peter has a place
for her in his golden book

by Francis X. Lyons

Juana is the Padre's cook in Palenque, a small jungle town in Ecuador. She is a thin, elderly native, in a faded print dress and old sandals; with her brownish hair tied up in a knot, she could easily pose for a photograph of a Kentucky backwoods woman.

If a Padre can persuade a truck driver to stop in Palenque long enough to disgorge both the Padre and his baggage, the priest will find Juana at the church door with the twelve-inch key all ready in the lock. It makes no difference if the Padre comes at eleven at night or four in the morning. There Juana is, her hair awry, looking as if she had just ridden in on a broomstick.

The Padre says, "Now, Juana, I don't want you to bother about cooking anything at this hour!" And she answers, "Yes, *Padrecito*."

About thirty minutes later, the Padre is sitting down to a meal of chicken and rice, which the cook undoubtedly conjured out of thin air.

Our good Juana is pretty close to being a saint. She receives Holy Communion daily and devoutly. She works fifteen hours a day, either in the rectory kitchen, or in her own house baking bread that she sells. Strangely enough for a resident

of a small town, she never gossips.

Once I was obliged to be away from Palenque for some time. When I returned, I found Juana making plans to leave her house and her bread business, and go to the next town.

"But why, Juana?" I asked.

"I cannot stay where I cannot receive Holy Communion each day," she explained.

Sometimes Juana flits; occasionally she hovers; but there is only one word truly to describe her movements around the table and between the kitchen and dining room — she scurries. The Padre wants coffee? There is a slight scuffling noise, and Juana disappears through the kitchen doorway like a little brown mouse. In a second, she scurries back again, coffee pot in hand.

How she manages to get food, I do not know. When there are no vegetables in town, the Padre still has vegetables; when there is no meat, he still has meat. And on the rare occasions when even her ingenuity cannot supply these things, she kills, one of her own chickens.

"No charge, Padre," she says. "It is a gift from Juana."

She is indifferent to her salary. "Juana," I once asked, "what salary did you receive from the last Padre?"

She screwed up her thin, brown face and tried to recall. Finally she said, "I don't remember."

"Well," I continued, "what would you consider a fair arrangement?"

"Anything you say, Padre," she answered, and started from the room.

What I enjoy most about Juana is her ingenuity. Immediately after Mass, while I am making my thanksgiving, she hurries into the kitchen to fix the coffee and the two soft-boiled eggs. For weeks the eggs came from the kitchen just as I liked them, and, knowing that the cook had no clock, I was puzzled.

Finally I asked how she managed to cook the eggs exactly the same each day.

"It is very easy, *Padrecito*," she answered. "I just put them in the boiling water for the time it takes me to say the Apostles' Creed."

Then came the day when the eggs were as hard as an iguana's tail. "Juana, what happened to the eggs this morning?" I inquired.

"Well, Padre," she answered, very close to tears, "I was half through the Creed, and then the water boy came, and that mixed me up. I had to start all over again."

Last night, just before evening devotions, I heard a noise in the big bamboo church. By the light of my swaying hurricane lantern, I saw Juana — her hair askew, her face in shadow, and a battered broom in her hands. She slowly moved up the aisle, laid aside her broom, knelt before the altar, and bowed her head in prayer.

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MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF
USE COUPON . . . PAGE 39

MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

Out of the Frying Pan into the missioner, goes some of the food that keeps Maryknollers able to work. One of our mission requests is for two frying pans. They cost \$3 each, and we hope some one will provide them.

They Lost Their Books in China. Now Father Hirst's mission library is in need of good volumes of every kind, in English and Chinese. Have you books to spare, or can you spare money to purchase some?

The Children of Father Manning's Chilean camp for the poor, sleep on the bare ground. Army cots for them would mean not only comfort but self-respect. Help Father provide cots for the children! The cost is \$2 each. He needs 100.

Twenty Pews, at \$5 each, are asked for the Temuco mission in Chile. Whether you give one or all twenty, we shall be most grateful.

The Bright Spot in a dark world — Our Lord's lighted altar. Candlesticks are needed for a mission church in Africa. A set costs \$30. Give them as a memorial!

Organ-ize a Church — that is, provide it with an organ. Your gift of \$450 for the Puno mission in Peru would provide a marvelous musical memorial. Any desired name can be inscribed upon the instrument installed as your gift.

Give Him a Lift! Father Smith's church in Guatemala has walls and a roof, but

no floor — just bare earth. 4,000 bricks, costing 3c each, would cover the ground. How many bricks will you buy?

Bringing Out-patients In. Generally, patients who come to a dispensary are able to walk home; but sometimes seriously ill persons appear, needing immediate hospitalization. A gift of \$500 would enable our Cavinass mission to secure several rooms near the dispensary, to be used for emergency cases. May we get the rooms?



"Gang Buster" — a clubroom for boys and young men, with game tables and library, to provide wholesome amusement and keep them off the street corners. Father McCabe, in Bolivia, needs \$200 to rent and equip such a room.

Information, Please! Have you a set of the Catholic Encyclopedia for central missions in China? The books are needed to prevent Maryknoll experts from being stumped by many questions! Two sets are requested.

Creche, the French call the Christmas Crib, with its group of the Holy Family, shepherds, cattle, and Magi. Father McKiernan is most anxious to have a good one to help his Chinese converts understand the Christmas story. A Crib can be had for \$35, and will be worth many times that sum.

Crucifixes for the homes of Maya Indians are needed in large numbers by Father Lee in Mexico. They cost \$2 each.

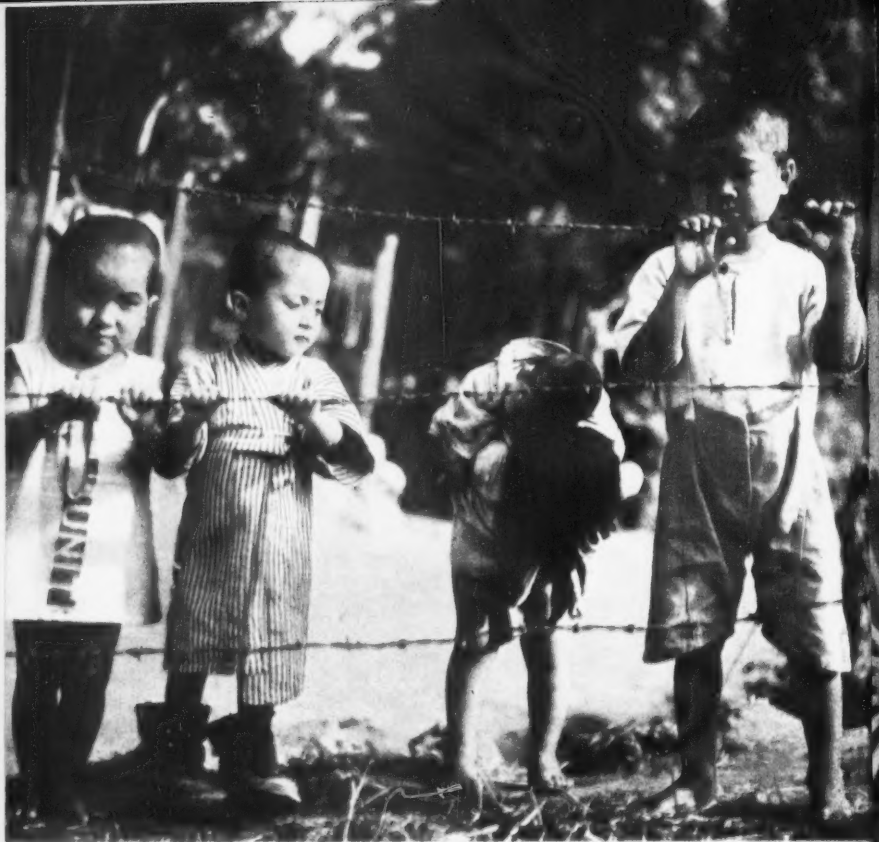
Korea Mission Needs

Tabernacle	\$ 75
Altar	100
Vestments (set)	25
Hosts for year	25
Mass wine for year	30
Altar missal	35
Benediction set	100
Sanctuary lamp	65
Candles for year	50
Town chapel	1,500
City church	5,000

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, P. O., N. Y.

Korean children smile in the rain





WAR'S DRIFTWOOD IN JAPAN. Sonny on the left has a U. S. Navy towel for a suit; the next wears G.I. shoes. Misery, sorrow now stalk in Japan. Charity has an answer.

